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New York First Night.

Bab Sits in Judgment Upon "The Conquerors"--Society at the Empire Theatre.

The New Yorker is distinctly loyal. He makes for himself certain traditions and adheres to them. Certain streets, certain manners, certain drives, and most positively certain theaters are given the stamp of his approval, and from that time on are recognized. A first night at one of the approved theatres means, if you are in the audience, the seeing not only of a properly presented play, bat of a wonderful gathering of people. Probably one of the best first nights of the season is that which introduces the stock company at the Empire Theater. In the first place it is a theater admirably adapted, by its background and drapings of deep crimson to bring out the gay costumes, and to intensify the bright faces of the fair sex. Women understand this and eagerly accept an invitation to be one of the audience. There is always certain to be present at a first night not only the fashionable, but the artistic set as well. There will be all of the critics, from Hillary Bell, with his classic face and silvery hair, in a perfect evening get-up, down to Willie Winter, with his sad face, disarranged coiffure and dowdy appearance. Each one knows that a first night at the Empire will mean inspiration to his pen. Then the writers turn out—the writer alike of books, of editorials, as well as of plays. There is Bronson Howard, who wrote "Aristocracy," a little man, keen looking, and with an air of frightness about him that is wonderfull suggestive of a contented life. Why should he not be contented: He has been successful, and his wife, the sister of Charles Wyndham, the English actor, as she talks to him, proves by her animation that he has beside him always an interesting companion. There is David Belasco, to whom we owe the "Heart of Maryland" and many another good play. He looks like a Catholic priest of Spanish descent, and suggests, while he is quiet, the deep student, but when a smile comes over his face one wonders whether, after all, he is not only a happy boy of twenty. Another successful playwright is certain to be at the Empire's first night is Madeline Lucette Ryley. Tiny of build, fair of coloring, and daintily dressed, she is a living contradiction of the idea that a woman writer must be ordinary to look upon and untidy in appearance.

FASHION IN THE BOXES.

How the fashionable women are dressed! There is scarcely a bonnet to be seen anywhere. Brilliant bandeaux of jewels flash from beautifully dressed heads, tiny aigrettes of feathers stand up high in the air, but the big hat is ostracized. Never at any time in the history of dress, since the days of the grand Louis, was there such richness, and to-night it seems as if every woman had put on her finest frock, her richest laces, her most elegant furs, and then flashed all her jewels upon the eyes of the lookers-on so that everything might gain by contrast with them. Soon it is time for the curtain to go up. Then there is silence, for this is a polite audience. There is time to look at the title on the programme, "The Conquerors." What does this mean? Up, with a certain solemnity, rise the heavy curtain, and there before you is the picture that tells what the name mean. Have you seen the picture before? It is the interior of a great French castle. The furniture, belonging to an era gone by, is magnificent in its antiquity. Correct in every detail, all about the room are various bits that tell of the luxury enjoyed by gentlewomen. On the walls hang old family portaits; but, alas! though the castle is French, though the pictures on the wall are those of the old French noblesse, yet sitting at the tables drinking and smoking are the German conquerors. Playing on the beautiful French piano is a young uhlan, who is singing, not some pretty French chanson, but "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." The faces on the wall have been made ridiculous by the chalk held in the hands of an enemy. A French Duke has a modern high hat put upon him and holds in his rams an angry cat. A lady of the time of Mme. de Pompadour is decorated with whiskers and displays at a ridiculous angle a tiny parasol. So that the mighty have fallen. After the first applause a few lines are said, and suddenly there rushes on the stage a big, dashing, handsome German to protest because he cannot do as he wants, and he wants to make a playhouse of the French chapel. Not a second elapses before the house is filled with sincere applause. It is to welcome Faversham, the young distingue leading man of the company.

WELCOMING THE ACTORS.

Scarcely have the echoes died and he has just finished bowing his acknowledgements when in from the rooms of the conquered there comes a gentle priest, and then the applause begins again, this time for Crompton, and somebody in the audience says, with an affection that all the audience feels, "Give an extra hand for dear old Crompton." Soon a tiny creature, quaintly dressed, with her fair hair arranged in stiff curls, appears, who, before she has time to enter her complaint or can tell that a Frenchman, even if he were the conqueror, would not take the pet of a lady, or can beg for the return of her trained squirrel, is looking into the eyes of the audience, and everybody is laughing and clapping and smiling a welcome again and again to Ida Conquest, the clever little soubrette,, who has the wonderful art of never over or under acting her part. There is a deal of enthusiasts kept back, though, in this great audience—this audience which represents all that is best in New York of wealth and brains—and in time the applause that it has been holding for her welcomes a slender bit of a girl who stands confessed to the friendly people before her, not only as Mlle. De Grandpre, but also as Viola Allen, remembered as a little child who has been retained by the best actors we ever have had—Booth and Jefferson—who never makes a mistake, and whose name—and to me many another this is most beautiful—is as pure and free from the black touch of scandal as the snow when it first falls from the heavens above. The applause surges like the waves of the ocean. The action of the play is stopped, for the New Yorkers know and appreciate not only the clever actress, not only the talented woman, but the charming girl, and it is to her that they are offering their tribute. A little later, when the story is older, there stands upon the stage a figure clothed in the dress of a Breton peasant girl—that wonderfully picturesque getup. The face is a tragic one, expressive, and with eyes that flash wonderfully as the few words are said that hint of the intense feeling of the woman. A newcomer in this company—yes, but an old New York favorite—handsome Blanche Walsh, a woman in appearance, a girl in years, a child of the city, and one whom the theater-goers watch with interest as each year's improvement is noticed. To-night she gets her greeting as do the others, and her greeting seems to say: "We are glad to see you surrounded by good actors in a theater where only good acting is allowed."

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

And so it goes on, the story of the conquerors and the conquered, and there are the tragedy and the comedy, the scene of death and the scene of love-making, and, last of all, love triumphs over death. But underlying everything else, there is the consciousness that between the people in the audience and the people on the other side of the curtain love these stage folk well enough and sincerely enough to wish that they may be successful in their work, and when it is all over and we drift out into the wide corridors and stand chatting and waiting for the carriages, it is invariably of the good points that we speak, because we know the clever manager will to-morrow make the play strong wherever it is weak and intensify all that which is best. It is good when among hundreds of people so strong a feeling of loyalty toward those who make amusement for them can exist, for it is in evidence that among a nation so fickle in its regard as we are such loyalty as is known among the English and the French is growing. It is such loyalty that incites the painter to do better pictures, the writer to do better work, and the actor to play his part better. It is this feeling that is going to make the right in art triumph over the wrong.

You laugh about there being any right or wrong in the play-house. Why, look at the right and wrong actions merely among the audience. There are so many things that nothing will excuse. Nothing excuses a loud criticism of the play, especially an unpleasant one. It is true that you may have paid your money, but you can take your choice, and if you do not like the play you can go home.

ETIQUETTE OF THE THEATER.

Nothing excuses the overwhelming of a delicate woman with the strong perfume of cigarettes and possibly something else. You have a perfect right to smoke and drink whatever you desire, but not fifteen minutes before entering the theater.

Nothing excuses the incommoding of one's neighbor with a big cloak and troublesome hat, and nothing except news of a sudden death or illness excuses the going out between the acts.

Nothing excuses the quoting in a loud voice your acquaintance with an actor. The world at large doesn't care who you know. It only wants you to behave yourself.

Nothing excuses loud yelling for the author or manager or pounding with umbrellas or sticks. Applause, properly given, is due to the artist, but that should be limited to the usual quiet bringing together of the hands.

Nothing excuses ungloved hands, veiled faces, untidy toilets, or bad manners at the theater, for unless you know just how you shoul look and just what you should do home is the best place for you until you have learned the verious "don'ts" of social life. You think I am hypercritical? No; I am very forgiving, but I know how hard the actor works. I know how eager is the play-writer to have every word properly understood, and how a badly behaved audience can make the actor's work good for nothing and the writer's words seem as naught. Therefore, I never excuse bad manners at the theater. They are counted among the unpardonable sins on the very short list of things unfortunately given by

BAB.

The Hon. William Waldorf Astor wil contribute an important article to an early number of the Pall Mall Magazine on John Jacob Astor. The articl will be illustrated and promises to b of exceptional interest to American readers.

Men and women have more faith in each other than they have in their own sex.

JUST A CHAT.

BY W. E. CHRISTIAN.

One reason why people do not listen to very strange things purporting to come from real life is that they do not believe them. The same story put in the form of fiction will be gratefully inhaled like some stimulating fragrance. More thrilling things have happened on earth than have even happened ever in the lurid chambers of the minds of Dumas fils.

* * *

I am persuaded to make this much preliminary ado in order to pave the way for a story that came to me yesterday from a responsible railroad official friend in a casual conversation. Just why it did not appear in the papers of yesterday, I do not know.

The husband had sold a good bit of land for several hundred dollars and his good wife was glad, and she went about her house-duties singing more heartily than ever; for they needed the money—they were a hardworking husband and wife. And the good man went to put his money in the bank in a town twenty miles away, and left the good woman getting things in order, brightening the fire and warming the board against his home-coming in the evening.

And the home was quite in order, and the crackle of the fire was a cozy obligato to the baritone of the breakers of the sea.

She was waiting.

She did not wait for long,—while the wintry red, as of battle, of the late afternoon sky circled the white-plumed Atlantic.

When she opened the door, there stood three men.

They were masked.

She was frightened into speechlessness.

"We come to get the money for the land," they said.

"There is not a cent in the house," she was finally able in a broken way to tell them. "My man has gone to the bank in the city with the money, and I and I have set the house in order against his coming. You may see that I speak the truth," and she opened the door which looked in upon a savory hearth-lit board for two.

"We will sup with you then," they said.

And they supped, while she tended upon them.

"Give us sugar with our coffee," one of them said roughly.

And they took of the sugar which she brought. But all that sweetens is not sugar. The provident helpmeet had put into the sugar some Rough on Rats which was to her hand.

And she waited—but this time not for the husband—but she was waiting for the Rough on Rats to arrive.

It arrived.

The three men sickened and staggered and fell upon the floor in a heap.

Then the poor soul grew yet more frightened at what she had done. She thought they were dead, and she fled from the house to the houses of her neighbors for help. She said to one, "Tell your husband to come, I have killed three men and they are in my house," and, continuing, she went into detail.

"My husband and two sons have gone into the city," said the neighbor, "but I will go to you in your distress, my good sister," and the two women hurried back to the little home.

The three men lay motionless with their masks yet over their faces, on their backs on the floor digesting to the death their Rough on Rats.

With a spring towards them, the neighbor-woman snatched from their faces the masks of all of them. Their eyes were closed, their faces upturned The two women looked at one another as if they were in a ghastly dream. It was their time to stagger now. They caught the backs of the chairs and were about to fall.

At that moment the husband entered Upon the floor lay the husband and two sons of the other woman.

This happened in Newport News on Friday, whence the husband had gone to put his money into a bank at Norfolk

People in Raleigh, at least, will remember with pleasure, the eloquent discourse here some time since of Dean Hart of Denver, Colorado—the clergyman with an Irish face and English voice. He had the eloquence of one and robustness of the other. This robustness is not confined to his sincere treatment and simplicity, it is in the man where after all eloquence resides. Here in an interesting story told me by prominent gentleman in Raleigh, who knows something of the early life of the Dean. It was in Denver during the cow-boy and desperado days. There was a row of bar-rooms—they constituted about the chief business houses along the narrow streets of the pioneer prairie town. Dean Hartt was then a young man and his force was making itself felt even among these almost abandoned men. The gamblers and drink-house keepers grew restive. They could not stand any shock of good deeds but they had a certain kind of open-handedness and brutal frankness with all their wayward habits of life. They gave the young preacher so many days to get out of town. He refused to go, and kept on with his work. Pluck is a pet quality with these men and the young man had it. One of the most desperate of the dance-hall keepers came to him and said: "Young man, I like you because you are game, come to my shanty to-night, and preach and no one shall harm a hair of your head." The young man was there, and his audience! A cloud of smoke and wide-brimmed hats, with pistols and knives in their belts. The stage was crowded with the same kind. But the boss-man and his followers, kept a keen eye primed for business and the young man proceeded. He stayed there. He has been there ever since. He built at first a small church. He is now Dean of the Denver Cathedral.

The little poem "Crossing the Bar," by Tennyson, is so beautiful. The poet made the request that it be put at the end of all the editions of his writings. It seems almost sacrilege to touch the hem of one of the pure phases or words of Tennyson—and yet in this little poem, it will be recalled that Tennyson spoke of going out to sea, and on the other shore he said: "I will meet my pilot face to face." Some friends were talking and it was suggested that the figure seemed mixed. For the pilot is taken on board at starting, and leaves the ship when it gets "outside." The same pilot being spoken of, will some of our literary men Stockard, Sledd Toy or some of the balance read the poem and explain what this means. It may interest many—certainly the group of friends who were talking.

HAD A CHARMED LIFE.

An Appreciative Tribute to Col. Risden Tyler Bennett, of Anson County.

Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 1, '98.

To the Editor: This gallant officer entered the Confederate service April 1861, at an early age, as corporal in the Anson Guards. This was the color company of the 4th North Carolina Volunteers, now known as the 14th. Captain Zeb Vance commanded F. Company of this regiment, was elected colonel of the 26th, while we were guarding Smithville, Va., and Burwell's Bay. Shortly after the formation of the regiment corporal Bennett was appointed commissary captain, which position he filled with credit to himself and benefit to the regiment. While holding this position he was a close student of Military science, his instructor being that splendid talented officer, General Junius Daniel, an old army officer and graduate of West Point, who at this time commanded the 4th. Early in March '6 the regiment was reviewed by General Huger who complimented Colonel Daniel very highly, saying, "this is the best drilled regiment I have seen." "You must go to the front." Shortly thereafter one night at 10 o'clock a courier came in at full speed, five minutes later we had orders to draw and cook three day's rations, and be ready to march at midnight. The following morning we crossed the Bay and acted our part in the game of bluff so successfully played by Mr. Gruder on McClellan. The rapid movements by night and day made a hard work on the troops, often our commissary was lost to sight though to memory dear.

At the reorganization of the regiment Captain Bennett was unanimously elected Lieutenant Colonel. At the death of Col. Roberts he became colonel of the regiment and commanded it until the close of the war. He seemed to wear a charmed life. Though always in the thickest of the fight, he was disabled but not dismembered. On one occasion when the ranks of the 14th were serried by the shot and shell of the enemy he took the gun of one of his wounded men and used it with telling effect until the battle closed. In the year 18—— when Colonel Bennett was presiding as judge of Wake Superior court, the remnant of companies E. N. K., Oak City Guard and Raleigh Rifles met at the Yarborough House and presented him with a handsome gold head cane, appropriately inscribed, as a token of affection in appreciation of kindness which he always exhibited to his fellow comrades. I am proud to say this feeling is shared by every member of the 14th. and will cease only when the last one is quartered in the arms of death. I am also proud to say we had implicit confidence in the coolness, courage and ability of all our field officers, full confidence in each of the rank and file, the fruits of thorough drill and discipline.

W. H. HAMILTON.

Sargent E. Company, 14th Regimen Stonewall Jackson's Corps.
Auburn, N. C.

"WOE WORTH THE DAY."

"Woe worth the Day," is found in Ezekiel; and it occurs frequently in English poetry and elsewhere. In "The Lad of the Lake" Sir Walter Scott make the hunter say over his dead horse,—

"Woe worth the chase, woe worth th day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray,"—

Extract from "To-day in the Bible," by William Cecil Elam, in Lippincott' Magazine for January, 1898.

In his Unabridged Dictionary, among his definitions of "worth," Webste gives "To be: To become: To betide;—now used only in the phrases, woe wort the day, woe worth the man, &c."

Oregon has an inventor who evidently came from genuine Yankee stock. He has invented certain musical instruments of aluminum. The strings are detachable so that the mandolin can be used for a stewpan, the guitar for a ham broiler or fish frier and the banjo for the browning of flapjacks.

The Emperor of Japan seems to be a very prolific poet, for the Japan Mail of Yokohama says: "We are told that during the last ten years the poet laureat in Japan has seen more than 25,000 couplets composed by our sovereign. His Majesty has penned 2,200 couplets with in the last few months."

Daniel's Great Speech.

In Support of the Teller Resolution--An Exhaustive and Unanswerable Argument.

The following is the full text of the speech delivered last week in the Senate by Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia, on the Teller resolution. It is a clear, able and exhaustive discussion of the question. No man can be said to be able to give a correct opinion of the merits of the controversy without a knowledge of the facts and history so clearly and forcibly presented by Senator Daniel. He said:

Mr. Daniel. Mr. President, I believe in the integrity of contracts. The Constitution of the United States believes in them. It says:

"No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts."

The Federal Government is under no such constitutional restriction. Within its sphere of delegated powers it is sovereign its will is force, and its force i law.

But the freedom of sovereignty imposes its own loftiest obligation: Noblesse oblige. No man can hold this Government to criminal or civil accountability if it should impair the obligation of its own contracts. Exigency, indeed, may demand that it shall do it. But if it does it without such exigency, it is cast down in the respect of them—its mainstay. It is under the moral law. That law is as certain in its sanctions and in its revenges as the law of gravitation.

A contract is not one-sided. It is at least two-sided. It takes two to make a bargain. The obligation of the contract rests upon the two that made it with equal pressure, just as the keystone rests upon the two columns that support the arch.

A promise to pay is a contract. It implies a payer, a payee, and a thing to be had. If the thing be specifically named, it is that thing and no other thing which the payer agree to pay and the payee agrees to receive. That equal agreement uniting upon the identical thing is that which constitutes the obligation of the contract.

These resolutions, Mr. President, do not go beyond these elementary principles of law. They simply and clearly apply them. The thing which the United States agreed to pay is identified beyond dispute in these resolutions. The thing which the payee agreed and obligated himself to receive is also identified in these resolutions. That thing is a dollar, is now a coin dollar of the United States, is a standard dollar of 412½ grains or a gold dollar of 25¾ grains. That dollar is defined by statute law of the United States passed in pursuance of the Constitution, and we have sworn to support the Constitution and these laws, but not some sentiment of honor which may be as various as the men who utter ...

We have never, Mr. President, by any law given the creditor the option to select the dollar to be paid him. It would be unnatural and absurd to do so. The United States has agreed to provide a dollar. It may tax to pay debts, but it can not tax the people two dollars to pay one dollar. If the creditor coming to be paid could fix the kind of dollar to be paid him we would have to keep each kind of coin dollar in stock and on hand; that is, two dollars in order to be ready to pay one debt. We would have to double taxes, by levying both kinds of dollars in order to be ready to pay over one.

All the contract calls for is a coin dollar but we have the rig... to get that coin dollar in any honest way that we may. It is none of the creditor's business how we get. He is not the keeper of our consciences. We may tax for it; we may coin for it; we may borrow it. It is only his business to receive it and give us quittance therefor, and that he has solemnly obliged unself to do.

There is a reason of policy, as there is a reason of principle, why we should never accord the creditor the privilege of picking the kind of dollar to be paid him. He would always pick the one that was for the nonce of the dearest in metallic composition. He would look beyond the immediate present value of the dollar to the composition thereof, and would throw an anchor to windward in speculative calculation.

By thus picking that dollar which has some greater prospective increment in it he would increase the demand for that which was already the most in demand, and thus increase the disparity which we should seek to heal. That system is at war with our own plans and our declared policy to maintain parity. It check-mates the design of the principle of parity.

If we do not let the creditor know what dollar he will get, he will proclaim that one dollar is as good as another dollar. If we pay sometimes the cheaper and sometimes the dearer, or pay them both indifferently, without looking at their composition, but only looking to the legal fact that they are dollars, then the parity between them will be increased by the example of the Government and by placing the pressure of demand in the balance where it is most needed.

The present system was designed to destroy the parity of the metals, and not to create parity. Its effect has been in distinct consonance with its design. The dollars, indeed, have been kept at parity. But the one of which the metal is the more valuable is the one always picked by the creditor; the other one is always avoided. Thus the tendency upward of the one of dearer metal is always re-enforced, and the tendency downward of the metal that makes the other is always re-enforced likewise.

We are reminded, Mr. President, by the fathers of the Republic that a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles is desirable. We have great need to recur to them to-day. To coin money and tax for money are both attributes of sovereignty. The purse and the sword are its emblems. It is necessary to be independent with respect to the purse in order to be independent with respect to the sword.

There is no limit upon the power to tax or the power to coin gold and silver, save alone the common welfare, and of that the nation is its own sole judge. Sovereignty is in none of its attributes a subject matter of contract. It is as inalienable as it is imperishable. If Congress and the President were to alienate it or to hypothecate it in any way, or to restrict it or derogate from it, or to beclond it, the act would be null, unconstitutional, and void.

We could not, if we would, turn over the collection of customs to our creditors or to a foreign government, as is sometimes done by dependent or conquered nations. We could not sell or assign, we could not hypothecate our right to coin money and regulate the value thereof, or put a cloud upon our title to coin at our own pleasure the money of the Constitution and of the law. When and where and how much of such money we shall coin, is a question solely for a representative Congress, responsible only to the people who create it.

The attempts of foreign nations or of individuals to dictate to us what we shall coin or how much we shall coin are insolent, impertinent, contemptuous to our Constitution and of our free institutions. We can not agree with the creditors to coin or not to coin; we can not agree with them to coin freely or not to coin freely. We can only agree with them to borrow and to pay. Our power to coin, as our power to tax and our power to borrow, is separate and independent. It is a parallel line that can never touch the borrowing and the paying lines—a power constant and continuous, ever present, noncontractual, inalienable, indisputable, imperishable.

Our Constitution, Mr. President, is notice to everyone of our right and of our power. It was notice to our creditors. All that they have a right to say to us is, "You have promised to pay us a certain thing; it is due; pay it." This done, let them depart in peace. Their relations to us have no other bearing. Our honor is satisfied, our credit is maintained, when we do just what we promised to do. Their honor can only be satisfied and their credit can only be maintained by acceptance on their part of just what they solemnly obligated themselves to accept. To those who demand something more place themselves under grave suspicion of acting from purblind ignorance or of being under the sway of sordid and sinister influence.

The resolutions are prima facie accurate in their statements and just in their conclusions. It is pertinent and in accordance with the customary practice of legislative bodies to pass a declaratory act and publish the law as it is again to the world. An eminent writer on statute law, Dwarris, says that a declaratory act is one made where an old custom of the Kingdom has almost fallen into disuse or become disputable, in which case Parliament has thought proper, in perpetuo rei testimonio, to avoid all doubts and difficulties, to declare what the common law is and ever has been, and such statutes are expressed in affirmative or negative terms.

This, Mr. President, is what the Senate is called upon to do by these resolutions. They were fully debated by as able and honorable men as this country has ever produced. They were passed in the Senate on January 25, 1878, by a vote of 43 to 32, and in the House of Representatives on the 29th day of January, 1878, by a vote of 189 to 79 nays. For twenty years they have stood unchallenged and unassailed upon the public records, advising, informing, and admonishing the world at large of the opinion of Congress on the great subject which they compass.

At the same session of the Forty-fifth Congress there was passed also the Bland-Allison Act to restore the standard silver dollar to coinage, to full legal tender functions.

It may be interesting, Mr. President, since the question of honor has been so consciously brought forward in this debate, to call attention to some of the declarations of the party whose champions bring forward these pleas, and the action of some of its eminent leaders and public men.

The author of these resolutions, Mr. President, was a Republican, an eminent man in the councils of that party, an eminent practioner at the bar; and after he had proclaimed these resolutions and supported them in an able speech, the party now impugning them as dishonorable appointed and promoted him to the Supreme Bench of the United States. Another eminent member of that party was Senator Davis, of Illinois, who had recently been a member of the Supreme Court. He also voted for the resolutions and supported them.

Another distinguished member of that party, the senior Senator from Iowa (Mr. Allison), is at present Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of this body. Another was a distinguished gentleman, Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, who was afterwards promoted by it to take charge of the Treasury of the United States. Nay, Mr. President, when we look over

(Concluded on 2nd page.)